

now our pastor may be fightin' the devil up yender. Bruthern, be quiet!"

But if their pastor was battlin' with the powers of evil, the struggle was a hushed one. The women hitched back step by step to the group of men, and all listened alertly, holding the breath; but no sound came from behind the barrier of the dark ell.

The tense situation was relieved at last. Down the hill came trotting the pastor, and at the same time the dim form of Lovekin was seen toiling up the pasture slope once more. There was strange excitement in the minister's face. His eyes glinted. His cheeks were ruddy.

"How many of you are brave enough to follow your pastor?" he cried.

"Where to?" demanded Deacon Hobbey chokingly.

"To the haunt of the witch that controls Yetts Lovekin!" The minister was scruffing his mittened hands together and fairly dancing about in his stress of feeling. On the ridge they again saw the weird figure appear from behind the scrub pine. Then it lunged out of sight down the other side of the hill.

"I have been called a coward to-night, and I cannot forget it," said the pastor. "But now we'll see who are the real cowards in this parish and who shirk their duty of witch-chasing. Yetts Lovekin has straight up and down owned to me that he is the servant of a witch, and he is going to meet her now. Let those who are not cowards follow me!" With the words he was away up the slope calling to them to "Come on!" and flourishing his arms like an officer commanding a charge.

Uncle Briggs was the first to start, muttering his admiration for the minister. Then Buker grabbed his wife's arm and went lumbering up. The others strung along, and the deacon was left alone for a moment. But with a shudder and look behind him into the dark bushes, he posted after the procession.

The way led over the rise and down into the birch growth, along a smooth wood-road. The white bark gleamed speckishly to right and left, and a lone owl hooted away off toward the Marston bog. Once or twice, a long way ahead, they caught a glimpse of the "insect" striding along vigorously.

The wood-road was the well-known cut-off, or short way, to the South Palermo pike, and the pursuing band kept pondering with gloomy misgiving that they undoubtedly would be led away from this lane and off into the deep growth pretty soon. But no one dared to be the first to halt or go back alone.

They were not led into the deep growth, however. On the contrary, they swung and came out into the pike opposite the big house of Widow Esther Hollis, and then straight up to the door they tramped on the heels of their trotting pastor. He paid no heed to their gasping and panting questions; but opened the front door and walked right in, his retinue tumbling blinking on his heels.

There in the center of the spacious fore-room stood Widow Hollis, and beside her was Yetts Lovekin, trig in his blue coat, his sun-browned face radiant, his eyes twinkling. The widow's cheeks were red.

"She's all struck up in a heap, parson," shouted Lovekin, "but I've made her see that now is the time of our lives to read the riot law to 'em! Here's your document."

The minister drew out his spectacles and read the paper aloud. It was a marriage license.

"The witch and I weren't proposin' to use it quite so quick," chuckled Lovekin, "but as witnesses are always good to have, and as you're all huntin' for excitement to-night, we'll do what little we can to help you out."

Almost before his gaping flock realized what was happening, their pastor had pronounced Yetts Lovekin and Esther Hollis man and wife.

"Now, fellow-citizens and respected land pirates," said the groom, his arm about his wife's waist, "a word to you. I'm a he-witch, am I, because I came here to this town and attended to my own business and didn't have huckleberry picnics up to my house the first

Surgery Not Necessary In Eye Diseases

A Method That Makes the Blind See Without Knife or Pain

Glasses are Thrown Away



CATARACTS, and all other eye diseases which produce blindness, are caused by poor circulation of blood in the eye, the result, usually, of eye strain some time in the past, or maybe remote past. The eye has been overtaxed in some way at some time.

Did you ever consider the intricate mechanism of this delicate organ, with its numerous muscles, nerves, and small arteries and veins?

If so, you must realize how easily its usefulness may become impaired.

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After a course of my treatment you can discard your glasses (eye crutches) just like one can discard other crutches after recovering from a broken limb.

I WANT to help you, and if my advice is all that is necessary I will be glad to tell you how you can cure yourself at home.

My book contains the result of my life's work, gives much valuable advice about the care of the eyes, and you should have it in your home.

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It gives excellent suggestions on exercise, baths, diet, etc.

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The atmosphere seems smoky and foggy.

Seeing better some days than others.

Seeing sideways better than straightforward.

Seeing better in the evening and early morning than at midday.

Seeing objects double or multiplied.

Seeing a halo or circle about a lamp.

Pain in or about the eyes.

Constant or periodical headaches.

Drooping of the eyelids.

Watering when in the wind; itching.

Rubbing eyes to make things come clear.

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Do not be like thousands of others who have neglected to heed the warning till too late.

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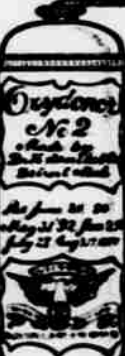
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thing? I'm a he-witch, am I, because I tamed a garnder for a mascot instead of havin' a yaller dog tag at my heels like the most of the old loafers in Palermo?"

He walked along the row of them, shaking his finger under their noses. "I'm a idolator, hey, because I have kept the old gilt fingerhead of the Nancy Emma for a keepsake? I'm a trans-mogrified insect, am I, because I come over here and don't tell the whole town I'm courtin' the best woman in it, and because I tug my bull fiddle across here on my back to play duets with her parlor organ?"

He strode to a corner of the room, and standing the huge viol in front of him began to rosin the bow, glancing quizzically from face to face.

"You've got eleven old maids and five widders still left in this town," he continued, "and if you keep discouragin' in-comin' single-hitch settlers in this fashion you'll never get 'em married off." He cast meaning looks on the spinsters in the witch-hunting party. "Now that your curiosity is all satisfied and you're scratched where you itched worst, don't you all feel like dog-gone fools? And if you caught chills and rheumatism in this parade to-night, are you goin' to lay it to me bewitchin' you?"

But they were in no humor to echo his laugh. They moved toward the door, the deacon ahead. "House-warmin' a week from to-night," called Lovekin. "Candy, peanuts, music by me and the witch and a dance in the barn!" The parson had pulled off his mitten to delightedly shake the hand that Lovekin outstretched, and gave back the wink.

"Elder," said the groom, "as you travel along home, won't you give 'em the lecture that I ain't got the language to hand out? And wind up with a funeral sermon on Cotton Mather. They ain't heard that he's dead yet!"

As the witch-hunters went out of the yard they heard "Ump-oomp," bull fiddle; "Too-doo-loo," parlor organ, blending in the soothing strains of "Home, Sweet Home."

And with that for obligato, the little minister began his lecture:

"Brethren and sisters, I trust that hereafter—"

DIPLOMACY DEFINED

WILL you give me a good definition of diplomacy?" asked a reporter of Emilio de Ojeda, Spanish Minister to the United States.

"Certainly; but instead I will give you an illustration," replied the diplomat.

"There was a certain tenant farmer who in great distress of mind waited upon his landlord one morning.

"I have had news to report to you," he said.

"The landlord, who was reading his newspaper, looked up with a frown.

"Bad news?" returned he. "Bad news of what sort?"

"The tenant, twisting his rather dusty cap nervously in his huge hands, said:

"A terrible sort, sir," he said. "Your big black bull and my black bull got to fighting this morning, and my black bull gored yours to death."

"I will hold you responsible!" replied the landlord excitedly.

"But wait a moment," returned the tenant. "You can't say that I am to blame. The two bulls got together, and they fought and one was killed. That is all there is to it. How am I to blame?"

"As a justice of the peace," said the landlord reflectively, "I know the law, and it says in plain terms that the owner of dangerous animals are responsible for the damage they do. Now, your bull killed mine, so you must make good the loss to me. That is the law."

"All right, I will stand by the law," said the tenant in true diplomatic style; "but I was guilty of making a slight mistake when I said that my bull killed yours. It was yours that killed mine."

HIS IDEA OF A DINNER

COLONEL JOHN S. FLAHERTY of the Majestic Theater, New York, was speaking of a manager who is noted for spending money liberally on his productions, but who does not always spend the money with advantage to himself and his audiences.

"Oh, he spends enough money," said the Colonel; "but he does not always get satisfactory results. He is one of these fellows who, if he had two or three friends for dinner, and wanted to show them great honor, would order a hundred dollars' worth of ham and eggs."